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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 6.

Pastores hedera crescentem ornate Poetam
Arcades, invidia rumpanter ut ilia codro.
VIRG. Ecl. VII.

THERE was never a great man in the world, but who as he was admired by some, was not as much envied by others. Nay, perhaps even those which have esteemed have also hated him, because he gave them too great grounds for that respect. For this may be laid down as a maxim, that no person envies another, unless it be upon the account of some supposed or real excellency or advantage he possesses or enjoys above him. Those who are of very great merit, are two well satisfied with their own to envy that of others, for envy proceeds from a sense of a want, and they not wanting, because furnished with the qualifications of another, are for this reason under no temptations to envy them. While such as behold others above them, in the strength of their powers, extensiveness of learning and dignity of place, or in any other respect, seeing themselves depressed under the contrary defects and misfortunes, are upon these considerations stung with envy, and either wish them levelled down to themselves, or else blotted out of existence. This passion being the cause of such base and unreasonable desires, I believe every man at least is in hopes that he does not harbour it in his own breast, and readily resolves, if he finds it there, to banish thence a disposition which so much bears the stamp of the worst of spirits. But notwithstanding the fond partiality of each individual to himself, I fear this vicious affection of the mind will be found almost as universal as the species: and could we let a light into their bosoms, we should see them generally fretted and cankered with this secret and corroding venom.

If we cast back our prospect upon the history of past ages, we shall find that envy was still cast as a shade upon the glories of the most illustrious heros, and that there has been a thousand exceptions to characters which have made the nearest approach to perfection. To reckon up particulars would be endless; but every person the least versed in the accounts of former ages, may run over several in his own mind. *Aristides* sirnamed *the just*, had arrived to so great a height of virtue as he was no longer tolerable to the *thenians*, and this was the true reason why they banished him. So *Themistoles* who stood in the gap of that Persian war, which like an inundation, threatened to drown all *Greece*, and

turned the current of it upon his enemies, was rewarded for his divine exploits with the crown *Ostracism*. *Homer*, the father of the poets, and the darling of fame, could not escape the pedantic and ill-natured criticisms of *Zoilus*; nor *Virgil* the vile obloquies of *Bavius and Mevius*. *Cæsar* for an unexampled profusion of generosity, and that courage and conduct which raised him to be the head of the world, was great and high enough to be run thro' by the ingratitude and perfidy of *Brutus* and *Cassius* with their desperate assistants. Sir *Francis Bacon*, the ornament and glory of his nation, was every way too well qualified for the office of Lord Chancellor long to retain it: and his many and peculiar accomplishments were so many crimes which were not to be expiated but by that lowness of fortune into which he was at last plunged. The *Tatler* was writ in too fine a spirit, and too much thrown out of the common road of thinking, not to alarm the men of little genius, while the *Spectator* which will be admired by posterity, could not escape the impotent lashes of the *Examiner*.

Thus from the most early to our present days it has been experienced, that the most direct method to be thought criminal was to be otherwise; and that none have been so much hated and traduced as those, who have deserved to be loved and praised. For ever since *Cain* slew his brother for no other reason but because he was a better man than himself, his example has been very plentifully copied out by such as have succeeded him, and those who have not like him murdered the bodies have at least the fame of their superior fellow-creatures. If you excel your neighbors in merit, they will be sure you shall not do so in reputation, but will endeavor by all means to blacken the one, when they cannot lessen the other. And well it is that merit lies beyond the reach of their malice, for if it did not we should see ten thousand robbers of this jewel, for no other end, but to trample it under their feet. While you walk with the multitude you are safe, but if you once endeavor to start up into superior excellences, they will let fly at you the arrows of their infamy, to bring you down if possible to a level with themselves; which is just as reasonable as if because I lived in a humble cottage, I should therefore desire all the buildings of the earth to be of the same height with that. In short, the groveling populace hate a *Saul* who towers head and shoulders above them.

If any writer is so impertinent as to tell the world what they never knew before, he is certain to be chastised for his sauciness in pretending to instruct his superiors; and let him understand ever so much, yet they are resolved before they have done with him to make him ignorant enough.

Those who from low beginnings have rose to the highest grandeur have no sooner got up the mount of honor, but the winds begin to gather into a bluster, and a sudden storm beats upon them from the lower regions of envy; and if they do not keep fast their ground, they will quickly be blown down to the bottom of the hill. The commonalty delight to hover over the ruins of greatness, as the *Grecians* did over the body of *Hector* after he was slain by *Achilles*, admiring the beauty of his face, his manly limbs, and the arm which could mow

own armies; but after all, each must thrust his sword into the breathless corpse, as a testimony that he hated the good qualities he commended. A monarch sets not safe upon his throne from the envyings of the mob, and those strong guards which defend his person cannot preserve his fame. Each inferior mortal, that even grovels in the sink of mankind, thinks he is of considerable importance when he can talk irreverently of his Prince, and sow within the little spot of his influence the seeds of discontent, which at last spring up into rebellion. Men of ambitious spirits envy a crown for its gold and jewels, but do not consider that what renders it more bright does also make it more heavy, and that it is not wisdom in any to be the cause of perpetual uneasiness to himself, only that he may glitter with a greater encumbrance of diamonds.

Such as serve at the altar, however careful they may be of their own garments, will certainly have them spotted by others, who set judges in chief upon their persons, actions and preaching. And when they find any thing in either of them disagreeable to their humors, will conjure up against them all the forces of their petulence and envy. It is not impossible but even a sermon may be condemned purely for its uncommon merit: because it is brightened with imagination, and raised with a majesty and solemnity of sentiments. He that displays the gospel in the most beautiful and moving charms, who leads his audience into a superior way of thinking, and brings things out of his treasure new as well as old, must not wonder if his greatness passes for bombast, his imagination for flowers which bear no fruit, his novelty for heterodoxy, and the happy run of his periods for a design to please itching ears. In short, if the preacher shews the man of sense as well as the man of grace, some will censure him as not sufficiently humble; as wishing no doubt he would humble away his reason to a level with ours.

Many a physician has been too successful to be allowed any commendation from certain envious quacks who have killed more than they have cured, but then forsooth they have done it *secundum artem*, and dispatched their patients out of the world in form. In short, we shall hardly find any two of the same profession agreed in giving a good character of each other. Some confine all their applause within the circle of their friends and acquaintance, and whenever we run the venture to speak well of any person before them, if it be one they never saw nor heard of nor is any way related to them, all his pretensions to merit are *ipso facto*, void and null: for they it seems had never the least intimacy with him. All wit and sense they imagine runs in the blood of their family, and the consequence runs very easy and plain, that he who has not a drop of their blood, has not one atom of the two aforesaid qualifications. Others when they hear any person applauded, only consider whether he be dead or alive; if the first, they will allow him a little reputation, as well knowing dead men's fame won't bite; but if he be alive, so are they, and would have as much praise as any men alive, and more too; and therefore they take care that no man alive shall have any but themselves.

Thus I have shewn how gener-

ally envy is spread upon the world: but the passion itself with the bad effects and consequence of it, shall be the subject of another paper.

T.

Evils of drawing a prize in a Lottery, from an English periodical Work.

MR. EDITOR,

I PROFESS to be one of that class of citizens, who studiously avoid buying tickets or shares of tickets in lotteries I advise my friends to act in the same way, but in this I proceed securely, and what is more, I act fairly; for I never rep at my annual admonitions unless at the close of the drawing. I do thus, first, that I may not seem factious nor invidious, and secondly, because at the end of a lottery, I find many persons inclined to take my advice, who, at the beginning, would not listen to me.

"But why, you will say, am I so hostile to lotteries? I will answer in few words—Because I once was fortunate, and from that time had to date the miseries from which I am recovering only by very slow degrees; for I suppose I need not tell you, that a war is a very unhealthy time for persons recovering from losses in trade. It is a bad time to *pick up*, as we say —It is like sending a consumptive pair of lungs into a sharp air, or curing the ague in the fens of Lincolnshire.

But to my story, which has been the burthen of my song for so many years.

You must know, Sir, that I began life in the humble capacity of a very respectable tallow chandler, in Whitechapel, and carried on for some time a very snug trade. Besides families and chance customers, I furnished two hospitals with candles, and frequently had the honour to throw light on the many subjects of political speculations which were agitated in a neighbouring public-house. Things went on then, Sir, exactly as they should do. My profits, if not great, were certain; and upon the word of a tallow-chandler, I declare they were honest for I made it a rule to stick to the trade price, and never refused at Christmas to give my customers' maids a few rush-lights, in order to shew them how to play *whisk* like their masters. As to politics, I went not a jot farther than the Daily Advertiser enjoined me; and, like a good subject, I had a heart-felt satisfaction in the victories of my country, especially when they were so *great* as to require the aid of my trade to give them an additional brilliancy.—My wife assisted me in my business, as a wife ought; and if any business called me from home, there was she behind the counter, and as attentive as myself. I kept one maid servant, and a boy to carry parcels. My two children had got such schooling as was thought proper for their expectations. I intended my son to succeed me in business; and as for my daughter, she would have made an excellent house-wife, which is all, in my humble opinion, that tradesmen's daughters ought to be. I paid all parish rates with pleasure, and served parish offices so honestly, that I do not think I *eat* more than *two children* in all my time, which is saying a great deal. As to amusements, we never desired the expensive ones. Now and then, in very fine weather, I would treat my family to Saddler's Wells, or *Barnaby* Spa, but as to trips by sea, we never went farther than Gravesend, and carrying our own provis-

ions with us, and coming back by the next tide, you must allow all this was very moderate.

In this happy state things went on for some years. All was sunshine and broad day-light; aye and good broad humour at night with us. But happiness will have an end.

There are many ups and downs in life. The devil is never tired of the many pranks he plays us poor honest folks. It happened one day, Sir, that my wife received a hand bill about the lottery, wrapt round an ounce of green tea which we had bought to treat the curate of our parish with. What there was in this wicked bill, I do not now remember, but the woman would not rest until she had bought a ticket, or a share of one. I had not been used to contradict her, and prehaps the devil might enter into me at the same time, for I believe he generally perfers a whole family, when he can get them. The ticket was bought, and I had been happy if it had proved a blank; but in a few days it was pronounced an hundred pound prize. A second ticket followed of course, and a third; and before the lottery had done drawing, I was master of five thousand pounds sterling money. This was a sum of which there is no mention in the records of our family for several generations. I seemed, indeed, born a great man without the help of ancestors. But alas! this was the beginning of sorrows and evils. My wife now declared war against all business, industry, and frugality; and as it was by her advice I bought the ticket, she took the whole merit of our success out of the hands of Dame Fortune, and insisted that we should lay out our money like people of fashion. People of fashion! These were her very words; and, she added, likewise, that she must now see a little of the world, and metamorphose me and my children after her own way.

Would you believe it, Sir? I cannot say that I was wholly against all this, because I could not help feeling how much more comfortable it is to have five thousand pounds, than to be daily toiling to make up as many hundreds; but I declare, that if it had not been for this money, I never should have thought of becoming a man of fashion, for I had no other notion of such at that time, than that they were persons who required *long credit.* But to proceed—The first step my wife took, was to dispose of our stock in trade, and this was easily done, at the loss of about three hundred pounds, for we were very precipitate, and the buyers knowing that we could not for shame's sake keep our stock on hand, resolved to ease us of it in the genteelest way possible; and I may truly say, for the first time of my life, that my candles were burnt at both ends. This being over, my wife discovered that there was something very pernicious in the air of Whitechapel, and determined to leave the place. My lease had fifteen years to run, and I soon got a tenant who agreed to pay me less than I was obliged to pay the landlord; but this was nothing to a man who, by the sale of effects, had added a pretty handsome sum to the above five thousand.

After much consultation (for we found the whims of people of fashion come very naturally) we hired a house in one of the streets near Palace-yard, because it was only 100*l.* a year rent, and was so *centrical* (as my wife called it) to the playhouses, and the palace! By this you will learn, that she knew as

much of the centre of the play-houses as she did about the circumference of our fortune. But here, however, we sat down, and a discovery having been made, naturally enough I must say, that the furniture of our old house was not proper even for the servants' rooms of our new one, we employed an honest broker, who furnished us completely, from top to bottom, with every article in the newest taste. We had carpets which it was almost heresy to walk upon; chairs on which I dare not sit down without a caution, which deprived them of all ease; and tables which were screened, by strict laws, from the profane touch of a naked hand.

Our discoveries had now no end. We found that tea was not so hurtful to the nerves when drank out of a silver tea-pot, and, some how or other, the milk and the sugar derived certain new qualities, from being contained in vessels of the same metal. I had saved some pounds of my best candles from the general sale, as I thought I could use my goods cheaper than if I bought them of a stranger, who would of course treat me like a gentleman. But lack-a-day, my wife's lungs were immediately so affected by the smell of the tallow, that I was obliged to consign my wares, the work of my own hands, to the use of the servants, and order wax lights in their place.

You have now seen me removed from Whitechapel to Palace-yard, my house new furnished in a fashionable style, as handsome and as useless as money could purchase. I had hopes I might now be at rest, and enabled to pursue my old plans, and was one night stepping out in search of some friendly public-house, where I might smoke my pipe as usual, and enjoy the luxury of talking politicks, and eating a Welsh rabbit, but no such thing could be permitted. What! a man of my standing smoke tobacco! Smokeing was a vulgar, beastly, unfashionable, vile thing. It might do very well for Whitechapel, or the Tower Hamlets, but would not be suffered in any genteel part of the world. And, as for cheese, no cheese was fit to be brought to table but Parmesan, or perhaps a little Cheshire stewed in claret. "Fie, husband, how could you think of tobacco and Welsh rabbits: I am absolutely ashamed of you; at this rate we might as well have been living at Whitechapel."

To do my wife justice, however, as she deprived me of the pleasure of seeing company out of doors, she took care to provide me with a sufficient number of visitors. There were Misters and Mistresses, Masters and Misses, from all parts of St. Margaret's and St. John's parishes, none of which I had the smallest previous acquaintance with; but my wife always maintained, that seeing company was the mark of fashionable life, and things had proceeded now too far for me to raise objections. Indeed one day drove another out of my head, and I began to be reconciled to fashionable life. I thought it mighty pleasant to have new furniture too good for use, and new acquaintances of no use at all; to drink wines which do not agree with one's stomach, and to eat of dishes which one does not know the use of. We had likewise our card-parties, where my wife and I soon learned all the fashionable games. How we played, I shall not say, but we discovered in no long time, that it was not *Whitechapel play*.

My two children, you may suppose, did not escape the general metamorphosis; the boy was dispatched to Eton school, to be brought up with the children of *other* people of fortune, but the girl was kept at home to see *life*, and a precious life we led. The morning was the most innocent part of it, for we were then fast asleep; and yet, Sir, you cannot think how difficult it was to cast off old customs, for I frequently awoke at six or seven o'clock, and would have got up, had not my wife reminded me that it was unfashionable, and asked, "What must the servants think?"—Aye, Sir, and even she, with all her new quality, would sometimes discover the old leaven of Whitechapel. One night, when a lady said she believed it would rain, my wife answered, perhaps it *mought*. Another time, on seeing a great man go to the House of Lords, although she had with her at that moment one of the first people of fashion in the Broad Sanctuary, she exclaimed, "There's a go!"

Pride, however, will have a fall. Grandeur must one day or other expire in the socket. My wife was now seized with a very strange disorder, the nature of which I cannot better explain, than by saying, that she lost the use of both her feet and legs, and could not go out unless in a carriage. This was the more extraordinary, because when at home, or even on a visit, she never could sit a minute in one place, but was perpetually running up and down. She threw out broad hints, therefore, that a carriage must be had, and a carriage therefore was procured; but mark the consequences, two servants were added to our former number. To be sure, every body must have a coachman and footman. One business was now, to use our homely phrase, "as good as done," and what little the town left, was fully accomplished by a visit to Brighton, and another to Tunbridge.

Here, Sir, is a blank in my history, which I shall fill up no otherwise than by informing you, that I took the advantage of an Insolvent act, and by the assistance of some friends, who did not desert me when I deserted them, I am once more quietly set down in my old shop, completely cured of my violent fit of grandeur. I am now endeavouring to repair my affairs as well as I can, but I cannot hold my head so high. They are perpetually asking me at the club, "What my t'other end of the town friends would have said in such and such a case?" and as I go to church on Sundays, I sometimes hear the neighbours saying, "Aye, there goes the man that got the prize." Wherefore, Sir, for the benefit of all such unfortunately lucky men as myself, I hope you will give this a place in your Magazine. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

DAVID DIP.

Whitechapel, High-street, March 10, 1798.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

MANUFACTURES.

To certain speculative politicians, who wish to annihilate commerce and introduce the manufacturing system into our *free* country, in order to increase its independence, we recommend the perusal of the following extract from *Espriella's*

Letters. He describes the *happy* situation of those employed in the manufactures at Manchester, and we believe it to be a correct picture.

"They are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment, of the sports in which childhood instinctivly indulges, of fresh air by day, and of natural sleep by night.—Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work, by confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms, by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope; without morals, without religion, and without shame; and bring forth slaves, like themselves, to tread in the same path of misery."

A VIRTUOSO.

Among other anecdotes of collectors, we have lately a singular species of virtú.

"The king of collectors is a gentleman, who with great pains and expense procures the halters which have been used at executions; these he arranges round his museum in chronological order, labelling each with the name of the criminal to whom it belonged, the history of his offence, and the time and place of his execution. In the true spirit of virtú, he ought to hang himself, and leave his own halter to complete the collection."

(Epriella.)

FEMALE DRESS.

"The dress of English women is perfect, as far as it goes; it leaves nothing to be wished, except that there might be a little more of it."

(*Ibid.*)

ENGLISH SEAMEN.

"Voltaire has the merit of having discovered the physical cause of the superiority of the English at sea. The natives of the south of Europe navigate smooth seas; those of the north are frozen up during winter; but the English seas are open all the year, and are navigated in long, dark, stormy nights, when nothing but great skill, and incessant exertion, can preserve the vessel. Hence arises a degree of confidence in their sailors, which is almost incredible; the greater the danger, the greater is their activity; instead of shrinking from toil, every man is at his post.—Having no faith in miricles for their deliverance, they almost work miricles to deliver themselves; and, instead of preparing for death, strain every sinew to avoid it. Added to this confidence, they have also, in war, that which arises from constant success. The English sailor feels that he is master of the sea.—Whatever he sees is to do him homage. He is always on the look-out, not with the fear of an enemy before his eyes, but like a strong pirate, with the hope of gain; and when going into action, with an equal or even a superior force, he calculates his profits as certainly as if the enemy were already taken 'There,' said the master of a frigate, when the captain did not choose to engage a superior French force, because he had a convoy in charge—'there,' said he, with a groan, 'there's seven hundred pounds lost to me for ever.'—As for fear, it is not in their nature. One of these men went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks; there happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The

sailor was thrown into a garden behind, where he fell without being hurt—He stretched his arms and legs, got up and shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then cried out,—conceiving what had happened to be only a part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole, 'D—n the fellow, I wonder what the devil he will do next." *(Ibid.)*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST: AN ODE.

BY DOCTOR WOLCOT.

Timotheus now, in music handy,
Struck up a tune call'd—Drops of Brandy;
The hero pulls out Thaïs to dance:
Timotheus now struck up a reel;
The couple skipp'd with nimble heel,
Then sat them down, and drank a quart of Nantz.

Now did the master of the lyre
On dancing exercise his fire.
He sung of hops at court, and wakes, and fairs;
He sung of dancing dogs, and dancing bears;
He praised the minuet of Nan Cately,
And lumps of pudding, and Moll Pately:
The king grew proud, and soon began to reel,
A hopping inspiration seiz'd his heel.
Bravi, bravi, the soldier croud
In admiration cried aloud.
The lady dances like a bold Thalestris,
And Alexander hops like Monsieur Vestris.
Again, so furiously they dance a jig,
The lady lost her cap, the hero lost his wig.
The motley mob, behind, before,
Exclaim'd encore, encore, encore.
Proud of th' applause and justly vain,
Thaïs made a curtsey low,
Such as court ladies make before the Queen.
Alexander made a bow,
Such as the royal levee oft has seen,
And then they danc'd the reel again.

Of vast applause the couple vain,
Delighted, danc'd the reel again:
Now in, and now out,
They skipp'd it about,
As tho' they felt the madness of the Moon;
Such was the power of Timothy and tune.
When the dub a dub, dub a dub drum,
In triumph behind 'em beat—Go to bed Tom.

And now in their ire,
Return'd from the fire,
In revenge for the Greeks that were dead,
The King and his punk
Got most horribly drunk,
And together went reeling to bed.

GAMING.

Of the passion of the Swedes for cards, a singular anecdote is related in the travels of Mr. Acerbi.

"A nobleman of great rank having waited longer than usual for his dinner, and seeing that no preparation was made for it, went down to call his servants to an account, and to examine into the reason of the delay. He found his household, in imitation of their superiors, deeply engaged at cards. They excused themselves to their master, by telling him, that they were now at the most interesting point of the game; and the butler, who had the greatest stake, took the liberty of explaining the case to his excellency, who could not in conscience but approve his reasons. However, being unwilling to wait for his dinner till the game was decided, he sent the butler to lay the cloth, while he himself sat down with the other servants, and managed the interest of that individual in his absence."

LINNÆUS.

If the anecdotes related of this naturalist are true, his vanity seems to have been as great as that of the celebrated painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller. Hear the words of a late traveller:

"He was exhibiting his museum to a lady, who, in her admiration, exclaimed, "I no longer wonder that Linnæus is so well known over the whole province of Upsala!"

He, who had expected to hear the whole universe, instead of the whole province, was so mortified that he would show her nothing more. The sun of botanists, the man who had put nature to the rack to discover her dearest secrets, the ocean of science, the moving mountain of erudition; these phrases of impudent ridicule were not too gross for his greedy vanity."

The following description of the Cretan warrior, has been applied to the predatory chiefs of ancient Scotland. Will it not more forcibly apply to the haughty monarch of modern France?

" My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
With these I till, with these I sow;
With these I reap my harvest field,
The only wealth the gods bestow.
With these I plant the purple vine,
With these I press the luscious wine.

My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
They make me lord of all below;
For he who dreads the lance to wield,
Before my shaggy shield must bow.
His lands, his vineyards, must resign;
And all that cowards have is mine."

Hybrias (ap. Athenæum.)

PASWAN OGLOU.

The boldness of this chief is forcibly displayed in the following anecdote, which would not disgrace the annals of Athens or Sparta. Success justified the apparent temerity. Paswan had possessed himself of the fortress of Widin with 12,000 chosen men. " With a force," says Mr. Oliver,* " capable of subduing an empire, Hussein† marched to destroy a rebel, and lay siege to a revolted town. After having reconnoitred the environ of the town, after having assigned to the different chiefs the posts which they were to occupy, and having made all the dispositions which he judged necessary for the siege, Hussein summoned Paswan to lay down his arms, promissing him his life, liberty, and a distinguished rank, if he would spare mussulman blood. 'In vain wilt thou oppose to me,' said he to him, 'a momentary resistance; I have a hundred thousand men with me; a hundred thousand others would come to their assistance were it necessary; acknowledge thy errors; prostrate thyself before the majesty of the imperial throne, and deliver up to me thy town and thy army.' Paswan received the envoy of the pacha on the most lofty terrace of his palace, whence he was observing with a glass the movements of the enemy, and with that disdain which the idea of the superiority of one's strength and talents naturally produces, 'Go and tell thy master,' replied he, 'that it depends on me to have a hundred thousand men to oppose him; I prefer conquering him with ten.'

* Travels in the Ottoman empire.

† High General of the Turkish Forces.

The following fairy song is from Oberon, a mask, by Sotheby, the elegant translator of Weiland's exquisitely beautiful poem of the same name, and the author of Saul just published in this place. It possesses much sweetness.

ARIEL.

Viewless minstrel! touch the lute,
Tun'd to my cadence soft and slow;
Chain each rude wind! all sounds be mute
Save those that solace woe.

Save those that from the Æolian lyre,
To whispers of a sylph reply,
And vibrates o'er the enchanted wire
Faint murmurs of a melody.

Or those that wind thro' wreathed shell
At summer-tide when sea maids float,
And on the spring-flood's moon-light swell
Night-ditties chant, that, note by note
Charm'd echo from her coral cave,
Breathes o'er the bosom of the wave.

The following singular dedication is all we know of a book entitled, "The Manual of Wisdom."

"To the
Conceited fool who thinks himself wise,
And is not so:
To the wise, who sensible of his own defects,
Has humility enough to wish to receive
A new ray of knowledge from
Another's wisdom;
In other words, to Mr. A.?
And Mr. B.?
With a sovereign contempt for the former,
And a sincere affection for the latter,
This little volume is
Warmly recommended,
As singularly useful to both,
By
Their most obedient,
Humble Servant,
THE EDITOR."

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Longevity.—A Mrs. Mary Thrapson is now living in Kent-street, Liverpool, in good health and spirits at the advanced age of 110 years, having been born in Scotland the 1st of January 1698. She has lived in the reign of five successive monarchs, beginning with King William. She bore a distinguished part in the battle of Dettingen, Culloden, Fontenoy, &c. under the Duke of Cumberland.

Pedestrianism.—In consequence of Lieut. Halifax having performed his task of walking thirty miles a day for twenty successive days, and another Gentleman having undertaken to go forty miles a day, for twenty successive days, we are authorised to say, that Mr. Barclay of Uri, has lately declared, that he would go fifty miles a day for twenty successive days, and his friends in town are ready to back him for any sum. In that case, the whole distance would be one thousand miles.

A swift-footed hero, of the name of Harding, groom to a gentleman, undertook for a wager of twenty guineas, to go from Hounslow to Slough, and back to Smallberry Green, a distance of 24 miles in three hours and forty minutes. The pedestrian went something more than seven miles the first hour, and the second hour he went seven miles and a quarter on the heaviest ground. Over this ground he had to return, and he did six miles and a quarter in three hours. He had three miles and a quarter to do in forty minutes, and he performed it with ease in inclement weather. The pedestrian is about five feet seven inches.

The superb dress worn by the Duke of Bedford at the marriage of the Prince of Wales, which cost 1000*l.* was lately sold at an auction, for 15*l.* only.

A Familiar Introduction to Arts and Sciences, by the Rev. Thomas Rees, will shortly make its appearance. It will form one volume, and comprise the fundamental principles of scientific knowledge, simplified and adapted to the capacities of children and young persons, and it will be illustrated by a number of appropiate engravings.

The second volume of the New London Medical Dictionary, completing the work, and illustrated with a great number of plates, is in forwardness, and will be published in March.

The entire works or Dryden, edited by Mr. Walter Scott, will very shortly make their appearance.

Dr. Carpenter, of Exeter, is preparing for publication an Account of the Structure and Function of the Eye, principally intended to illustrate the argument contained in the first and second chapters of Paley's Natural Theology.

A new edition of Miss Edgworth's Irish Bulls, altered and very much improved, will be ready in a few days.

Dr. Carey has in the press a new edition of his Latin Prosody made Easy, with considerable additions and improvements, particularly in the part which treats of the different species of verse. An Abridgement, for the use of schools, will be published at the same time with the larger work. The doctor has also in the press, Scanning Exercises for Young Prosodians.

DOMESTIC.

Lemuel Blake and Manning & Loring, Boston, have published a valuable Book, for the use of Schools, entitled, *The Beauties of the Children's Friend*, being a selection of the most popular pieces.

Price One Dollar.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. GREGORY MASON.

Relentless Death, why in such haste
dost roam,
And can no one from thy fierce arrows flee?
But thou must hasten all to their long
home;—
Alas! none from thy hand was ever free.

So Mason, e'er the prime of youth was
past,
E'er manhood shone with rays resplendent
round,
Must fall a victim to thy sudden blast,
And cast his budding honors on the
ground.

A life instill'd with virtue's sacred boon,
A mind bereft of every vicious way,
Alas! is summon'd to an early tomb,
And deep consigned to his kindred clay.

And *thou fair mourner*, of each joy bereft,
Thou claim'st a pitying tear from weeping
friends;—
But when thy future hope was hush'd in
death,
A brighter form thy just Redeemer sends.

Then cease thy mourning, cease thy tender
sighs,
On angel's wings his holy spirit fled,
To blest, ethereal realms above the skies,
Where thou will meet him, with the pious
dead. T. M.

THE BIRTH OF WIT.

As Fancy stray'd to gather flow'rs,
And breathe the scented sweets of May,
To vine-clad hills and shady bow'rs,
The maiden bent her silent way.

Young Bacchus saw the wandering maid;
Her charms inflamed his eager soul:
And while she slept beneath the shade,
The God upon her slumbers stole.

Time crown'd the secret blest embrace,
And gave the pair an offspring fit;
A boy, with every charming grace,
And call'd the heavenly infant, *Wit.*

Some men there are two wives would
crave,
Their appetite is such:
Not so with me—but one I have,
Yet find that *one* too much.

GLORY.

BY P. L. COURTIER.

What is glory? Say, a feather,
Mounted on the buoyant air,
Prey to every wind and weather,
Often soil'd, and seldom fair.

What is glory? Ask the garter,
Twining round his grace's knee.
Would'st thou ease and conscience barter,
Such a thing on thine to see?

What is glory? Ask the maiden,
Wedded to a titled drone,
Sick at soul, and heavy laden;
Empty pageantry her own.

What is glory? Ask the lawyer,
Feeless trudging to the court,
Harder work than any sawyer,
Ceasless labor, less support.

What is glory? To the city
Hie, and ask the trading crew.
Man in common-council witty,
Christian called, at heart a jew?

What is glory? Ask him bawling,
Patriot of heroic age,
The house his stand; he waits a calling;
Lungs, for party to engage.

What is glory? Ask the miser,
Starving mid his bags of gold.
Ask his heir, he hardly wiser,
Scattering wide the sordid mould.

What is glory? Ask the poet,
Pocket low, and wishes high;
Wanting, and yet none must know it,
All but earth, and air, and sky.

SONG.

BY MRS. HUNTER.

O'er the lone heath I wander wild,
Or sing beneath the hawthorn shade,
While the soft breeze of ev'ning mild
Hovers around my careless head.
Sweet solitude, dear scenes of calm repose!
How far unlike the busy world are those.

So fancy sings, ere young desire
With grief, with joy inspires her lay,
Ere love has touch'd the soul with fire,
And wak'd to life the conscious clay;
Sweet symphathies, sad joys, and tender
woes,
Still how unlike the busy world are those.

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